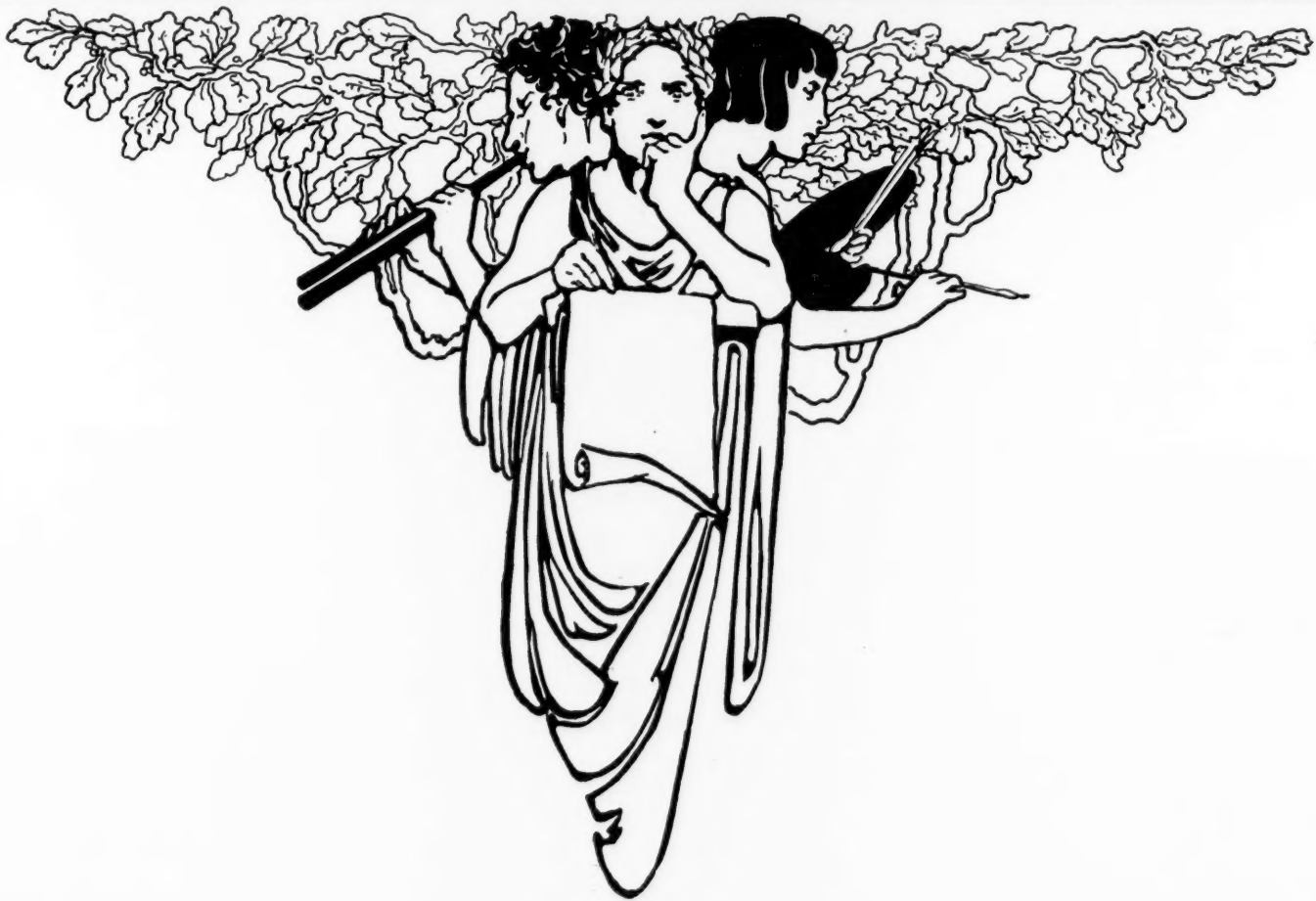


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WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor.

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Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

THE war seems good to go on for another year at least. That will allow enough time for Holland, Denmark and the Scandinavians to be dragged in on one side or the other. Perhaps the at present indicated re-election of Woodrow Wilson as President of the United States will be an indication to the belligerents that Uncle Sam, the chief spectator they have been trying to please, doesn't think much of the war as a show. The war has had a long run but as an attraction it is a frost, for all that.

MAINE'S having gone Republican doesn't mean much. Maine is an anti-Democratic state. Its Republicans and Progressives have coalesced against the common enemy. The Prohibition issue was bigger than any other in the election. The state voted for the utmost rigor of drouth. Wilson's policies and performances figured only secondarily in the campaign, and the vote was in no true sense a verdict upon them. The election in November will turn on Wilson alone and last week's vote gives no intimation of the result other than that Maine will probably remain Republican by about the usual majority.

A STORY, "That Parkinson Affair," by Sophie Kerr, in the September issue of *McClure's*, is a roman a clef—a novelization of a peculiarly nasty bit of gossip long prevalent among sewer-minded people at the National Capital. It is an exquisitely dirty piece of insidious campaign slander. There is something more artistically venomous and vicious in this fictional form of bespatterment than was found in the anonymous publications concerning Cleveland in 1888. A defect of this gilding of a political and social scandal is that it doesn't "follow through" to the explanation of an important judicial appointment. This isn't the way to beat Wilson, even in a canvass in which the cry is "anything to beat Wilson."

STANDARDIZATION of city jobs in St. Louis will occupy the time of the St. Louis Efficiency Board for a year. Meanwhile, the merit system provided by the charter is held in abeyance and lapsed into noxious desuetude. Spoilsism is in the saddle. The boys are being taken care of. Fitness for a place operates as a bar to appointment. Public office is more of a private snap under the New Charter than it was under the old. The chairman of the Efficiency Board was "canned" for favoring the merit system. And there is not the faintest sign that the citizens of St. Louis generally care about the matter. St. Louis is getting as good government as it deserves.

THAT good man, Gifford Pinchot, writes a letter telling why he will support Hughes and oppose Wilson. It is too bad that Mr. Wilson has not been able to satisfy Mr. Pinchot, but then who in the name of Thotmes the Third ever thought that Mr. Wilson's qualities could satisfy the soul of the chief worshiper of Col. Roosevelt? Mr. Pinchot has no confidence in President Wilson, with whom

probably the lack is reciprocal. Mr. Pinchot is chiefly mad at the President because he didn't take the part of the Allies. I wonder if Mr. Pinchot has more confidence in Mr. Hexamer and Mr. George Sylvester Viereck, of the *Fatherland*, than he has in Mr. Wilson? They are for Mr. Hughes because he is more pro-German than President Wilson. Mr. Pinchot appears to be a poor pinch hitter for Mr. Hughes.

WE must not forget that heroic and lonely spirit, Col. John M. Parker, who is still running for Vice-President on the Progressive ticket, without even having been "notified" or anything. Col. Parker is the world's greatest party of one. And at that I haven't a particle of doubt that he is the best candidate for Vice-President running in this campaign. He'd have a good chance of winning if there were any effective way in which Democrats and Republicans could scratch Marshall and Fairbanks.

Is it not beginning to dawn upon patrons of baseball that there's no dependence to be placed on the "form" of clubs so long as inflated players care nothing for the club or town they play for and little for the game itself so long as they get the money? Would it not be a good idea for cities that want ball clubs to have no professional engaged on their team unless he has been a resident voting taxpayer of the town for at least five years? The game of baseball in the professional line would be much better played if there were more local patriotism in it and less pecuniary profit. There is too much playing of the game for the player's own hand. A St. Louis ball club made up of real St. Louisans with a stake in the town and some spark of civic affection for it, would play better than the highly paid fellows who know nothing about the city beyond the location of the ball park.

A LOT of so-called Democratic newspapers in the South denounce the Wilson surrender to the labor unions. Good. Let us have more of it. Those Southern editors don't want trades unions or union wages. They want negro labor that will stand for any old wage. Many of them were enthusiastic for child labor. They don't want the Government to do anything for anybody—except to valorize cotton in years of heavy crop and low prices. Free labor in the North will be deeply stirred against Wilson by the criticism of Southern advocates of what approximates slave labor.

THERE'S a Single Tax campaign on in California this year. It's only Single Tax limited that is proposed, but the *San Francisco Chronicle* is in a condition of acute mania over it. It calls infamous the proposal to tax the unearned increment into the public treasury. It says that the speculative possibilities in land are just what the State sold to people, and those speculative possibilities must not be destroyed. Speculation is of more benefit to society than use and development. Tax the land user. Let the landholder who disdains land use go tax free. Let the landholder tax the land user too. Punish effort and production. Reward idleness. Why, "when all land is put to productive use we shall begin to kill babies because there will be no room for them." Therefore, keep land out of use, kill-

ing children in city slums and sweatshops. Such is the political and economic philosophy of M. H. de Young, of the *San Francisco Chronicle*.

♦♦♦♦

Wilson's "Surrender"

By William Marion Reedy

I DO not see the President's strike-settlement as an act that makes certain his victory in November. On the contrary, the action seems to have given the Republicans something to fight for. Organized Labor may vote for Wilson, but Organized Labor cannot carry the day. It seems to me that the President's action will bring out against him the small employer as well as the large, for there is hardly any man engaged in manufacturing or merchandising these days who is not engaged in interstate commerce to some extent. He will be dreadful of "the eight-hour day with ten hours pay" being applied to his employees. The farmer will fear the eight-hour day applied to farm-hands with the increase in pay. There is good fighting ground for the Republicans on this issue in the claim that while the eight-hour day is not objectionable, there is strong objection to and a Constitutional bar against Congress fixing the rates of pay.

It is unfortunate that Congress did not provide for arbitration of wage disputes as the President advised that it should. The President promised arbitration by law and the railroad employers did not get it. The eight-hour law does not go into effect until January 1st, 1917, and though the Congress meets in December, after the election, it is not a certainty that Congress will then carry out the President's proposals, especially if the President should have been defeated for re-election in the meantime. When Congress meets the railroad managers may have assembled an impressive array of figures tending to show the crushingly onerous effect of the eight-hour day law, but those figures will not avail as against President Wilson's demand for a try-out of the eight-hour day and a showing of the actual facts of its cost, instead of a display of estimates.

What one does not like is the fact that no railroad managers have said they are going to obey the eight-hour law. They are not going to try it out and try to discover whether railroad operation can be adjusted to the eight-hour law in a way to avoid any such increase of labor cost as they declare the new law will necessitate. As a mere layman I cannot see why it is impossible to conform railway operation to the new law. Other twenty-four hour operating businesses have divided the working force into three eight-hour shifts and have not added to their labor cost. It is strange if in railroad operation this new law cannot be met by some rearrangement of forces that will make the workers who now have less than an eight-hour day render eight hours' service, while the day of the ten-hour man is reduced to eight hours. Perhaps the change would involve great expense in the rearrangement of railroad divisions as at present established. It might mean that many railroad workers would have to change their homes to conform to the new hours. There are railroad men, conductors, engineers, firemen and others who think that the railroads can easily find a way to conform to the eight-hour law and in a way to do away to a large extent with the time-and-a-half pay for overtime. It would seem that the smart men in the railroad business would be able to meet this situation by readjusting the working shifts, without enormously increasing the cost of operation and with a beneficial effect upon the whole country in taking up the slack in the labor market.

That the protest of the railroad managers against the President's settlement is one that will make votes against Wilson is not to be doubted. The

big employers will be found with the railroad managers and many small employers too. The sentiment in favor of Organized Labor is not unanimous by any means, and many unorganized workers do not like the way in which Organized Labor carried its point. The lawyers generally are up in arms against the so-called violation of the Constitution and the right of contract. The law gives the business world a real or supposed cause for voting against Wilson and for its own pocket. While the enactment may solidify the trades unionists for Wilson, it will solidify against him other interests which before the strike settlement had no especial reason for opposing him. Business men are an inconsiderable element of the country's population. Professional men, lawyers, doctors, teachers, engineers and such have no especial love for the trades unionists and may in large numbers join hands with the merchant and manufacturer. Business men see in the settlement an incitement to strikes innumerable on the strength of the precedent set by the law, strikes that will not be arbitrable so long as the arbitration law contemplated in the settlement has not been passed. They may well concentrate their effort on election day to producing a result that will remove Woodrow Wilson from a position in which he can give aid and comfort to the men who formulate strike demands. Until an arbitration law is passed, the employers will be unreconciled to the present situation and they will feel that the situation will be improved for them by the defeat of Wilson. Looking at conditions from the standpoint of practical politics, I cannot but acknowledge that the strike settlement comes very far short of assuring Wilson's election. It may cost him more votes than he can get from Organized Labor and those who sympathize with it. It must be remembered that Organized Labor does not number all laboring people in its ranks. Mr. Hughes will be able to make a better showing against Wilson on the Adamson bill than in the rather wool-gathering criticism in which the Republican candidate indulged before this new issue came into existence.

The case for President Wilson is, however, a strong one. He stopped the strike, staved off civil war, with possible even probable loss of life and property. His compromise seemed almost Solomonic, giving the railroads the arbitration they sought and giving the trainmen their eight-hour day. That the Congress failed to enact the legislation providing machinery for arbitration was unfortunate indeed. Leaving that matter over to a Congress assembling after the election, is leaving it up in the air with a vengeance. Still, I should say that the railroads would show up better if they would declare their purpose to obey the eight-hour law, keep tab upon its cost and present the figures in due time. If they are not going to obey the law, how can they ever hope to supply facts instead of estimates as to its working, in support of a reduction of the ten-hour pay and in support of an increase of rates? The opponents of the President say the strike was only postponed, not prevented. Very well, it was postponed; and who shall say that postponement, with the very discussion occasioned by the President's action, will not operate to prevent the resurrection of the strike after January 1st, 1917? The President is pledged to provide machinery for investigation and arbitration of labor issues. That is a sociologic advance. Suppose Mr. Wilson should not be elected: is it conceivable that Mr. Hughes will not recommend arbitration, or that a Republican Congress would refuse to pass an arbitration measure? Though Congress did not enact the arbitration law, the enactment of the eight-hour law makes the enactment of an arbitration law inevitable. As for the great Constitutional point that the Government cannot fix wages, it is not so strong as it seems. The railroads are a public service, they operate under grants of privilege, they are dowered with a very large public interest, they are a public utility and the Government may, if it wishes, fix the rates of pay for workers on such utilities. At least the matter is

arguable. The railroads are only post roads and the Government has full power over post roads. In any event, the ten hours' pay for eight hours' labor is not irrevocably fixed—if the facts upon investigation do not support the arrangement it will not stand, and the arbitration to be provided will apply to that as to other matters at issue. The President's action is defensible on grounds of expediency—that is, all people will so regard it except those who hankered for a strike that would result in the smashing of Organized Labor. The people who say that the President should have said to Organized Labor, "If you won't arbitrate, go ahead and strike, but I will use the full power of the Nation to suppress any incidental violation of law"—those people wanted a strike even more than did the trainmen. They wanted no postponement, no deliberation.

The argument that the settlement is of no benefit to workers generally is bosh. It helps all workers towards shorter hours, better pay. But workers will have to organize. Doesn't everybody have to organize to get anything in this world? Assuredly so. That the people at large will have to pay for increased cost of railroading, is true. Do not the people have to pay for everything, and for much that they do not get? The President should have investigated, we are told, before deciding on the eight-hour day. He should have arbitrated, but there was no machinery for arbitration. The country was on the verge of paralysis. Suppose he had let the strike come? A paralyzed nation would have blamed Wilson. In the circumstances, the President averted a calamity. I think he averted the calamity in a way that assures us there shall be no such crisis precipitated upon us again without a means of dealing with it. By his action he could not provide arbitration but he made it certain that arbitration would be provided. He gave Labor its eight-hour day. It will have to prove its right to its ten hours' pay. He paved the way for an arbitration law with regard to wages by a branch of the body that regulates rates of transportation. What would Mr. Charles Evans Hughes have done?

The strike settlement may not elect Wilson. It may harm more than it helps him. It may defeat him. That is as it may be. The important consideration is that the President prevented the strike, that he did at one stroke a great work for the relief of the worker, that he brought the labor question to a point whereat arbitration of wage and other disputes must be provided by law. He has made arbitration a certainty. He could not do it before election, but because of his bold grasping of a difficult situation it will be done very soon after election, if not under his presidency, under that of his opponent. He has done the greatest political work of this generation for the establishment not only of a measure of industrial justice, but an era of industrial peace.

♦♦♦♦

The Hope of Missouri

By W. M. R.

MISSOURI Republicans have an exceptionally able candidate for Governor in Judge Lamm. He is a splendid jurist and a most attractive public speaker. I'd vote for him myself—if Col. Fred Gardner were not the Democrat running against him.

Col. Gardner is the better man in all the circumstances. He is a successful business man and it is time to try a business man as Governor; we have had too much of lawyer-politicians in the office using it as a stepping-stone to higher honors. Col. Gardner has declared emphatically that if elected Governor he will not seek any other office. This means that he will not conduct State affairs as a political machine. Not seeking other positions for himself, he will not scheme to get them for others. This means that his administration will not be directed to ends ulterior to the interests of the

What I've Been Reading

By W. M. R.

SEVENTH ARTICLE.

public. It means that his appointments will be made with no object but good public service.

The circumstances of Col. Gardner's nomination demonstrate his quality. He fought the inner ring in his own party and denounced its abuses of confidence and power. He represents the spirit of reform within his own party. He was opposed by those who favored the keeping of the governorship nomination in line of succession among politicians who had long worked with and understood one another. They did not want him because he could not be depended upon to perpetuate the system of nepotism, extravagance, wooly appropriations and juggling school funds for the benefit of politician parasites in other departments. Against every evil of Democratic rule denounced by Judge Lamm, Col. Gardner is as strongly committed as his opponent. Col. Gardner was nominated for Governor in spite of the politicians. The Democratic masses simply overrode the bosses large and small who tried to shelve him.

Col. Gardner had courage to defy the machine. He had the courage to say publicly that he would not sign a statute providing for prohibition if that statute should be so framed as to be immune from submission to a popular vote. He said he would not stand for the trick of declaring an emergency in the matter of public health and morals and peace in order to fasten on the people a law which they rejected by a majority of 250,000 a few years ago. In the face of the dry fanatics he flung this defiance. He favors law-making by all the people, popular control of legislation, the initiative and referendum. He would not surrender his principles for fanatic support. That's the kind of a Governor Missouri wants and needs. He will stand for nothing but democratic government. He will not appoint to office men who seek position to benefit themselves or certain special interests. If he was not afraid of the gang when he sought the nomination, he will not fear or favor them if elected, especially as he has no further political ambitions. He will be a Governor looking neither before nor after in a personal sense.

Judge Lamm attacks Col. Gardner's land bank bill. The measure is demanded by the people of the State. It establishes the farmer as a business man, provides for him business facilities, takes him out of the clutches of the usurer, enables him to borrow money for productive use, on easy terms for long time. The farmer needs this State encouragement. The State needs it to prevent the decline of rural population, to stop the growth of tenant farming, to check the growth of large holdings of farm lands and the rapacious landlordism that breeds a race of "poor whites." The Gardner land bank law is a good measure if the national rural credits law is a good law. It supplements the national law as the State banking system supplements the National Federal Reserve Law. Does Judge Lamm favor leaving the Missouri farmer to the tender mercies of the rural money shark? If Judge Lamm criticises the banking features of the law, I venture the opinion that as a big patron of the banks in his business, Col. Gardner is a better authority upon banking than Judge Lamm.

Col. Gardner should get the support of all thinking people, simply because he proposes a business and not a political administration of affairs, because he fights corruption and incompetence in his own party as well as in the opposition. He stands for efficiency even though it diminish his own party's spoils. He will not, as Governor, grovel for votes, when he would not grovel for votes for the nomination. He is not a machine man to the extent that Judge Lamm is. He is the most independent, un-collared, free candidate for Governor that this State has known in a long stretch of years. As such, all decent Democrats and decent Republicans should vote for him. He is a better prospect of good government than is Judge Lamm. He offers more of encouragement to those who hope for a more cleanly and capable administration and for a more progressive and prosperous Missouri.

CONSUMMATE artist, in the main, Mr. George Moore has a curious trick of putting a smear upon everything he touches. There are two or three such smears on "The Brook Kerith" (Macmillan & Co., New York), things entirely unnecessary to his powerful rationalistic rendering of the life of Jesus the Christ. Now Mr. Moore's theme is not a new one. The legend that Jesus did not die on the cross, but revived in the tomb and was spirited away is an old one. The theory that the Man of Nazareth was the victim of a delusion in proclaiming himself the Son of God has been advanced time and again by antagonists of Christianity. Support for it has been found in his last outcry on the cross, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me!" You will find a presentation of much of George Moore's theme in George Bernard Shaw's introduction to the play "Androcles and the Lion," particularly a stressing of the petulant acerbity of Jesus as his delusion grew upon him, his all-or-nothing demand upon his followers. It is Joseph of Arimathea who is used by Mr. Moore to bring forward a view of Jesus as a member of the sect of Essenes progressing through the various stages of enthusiasm for reform to an exaltation in which he assumes the character of the Son of God. The characteristic morality and economy of Jesus is shown to be only a development of the doctrines of the Essenes, a group of communists, ascetics and celibates.

"The Brook Kerith" is hard reading; it is like toiling through sand, except towards the end, when the tragic import of Jesus' delusion is made the climax of the novel. The hard reading comes probably of the solidity of the style, in which the speeches of the characters are not marked off from the rest of the narrative by quotation marks. The recital is in a peculiar literary imitation of that form of colloquialism which marks the work of the writers of the Irish Renaissance, the Celtic Revival. In following "The Brook Kerith," it seemed to me that to a certain extent Mr. Moore has dealt with the Gospel theme in a rather intellectualistic variation upon the method of Billy Sunday in treating the same subject. Mr. Moore takes queer liberties with the words of the Saviour as recorded in the Gospel, making him say things which Mr. Moore thinks Matthew, Mark, Luke and John have reported quite otherwise. Mr. Moore's translation of these sayings is distorted to the end of supporting his thesis that Jesus was an insane visionary. The whole method of Mr. Moore is based upon his refusal to take other than a low view of human nature. He assumes that the apostles and disciples were a group of men who did not understand Jesus in his idealism, that they looked for an early overturning of society in which they would be exalted; that there were jealousies, envies, doubts among them; that they were coarse peasant or fisher folk caught by the altruistic glamour of Essenic doctrine and the magnetism of Jesus. Peter falls little short of being a comic character. Judas is one who sees and fears the madness of assumed godhead growing upon the Master. Strangely enough, Mr. Moore's narrative accepts all the miracles reported of Jesus, the wonderful results of his laying on of hands, his breathings upon the sick and the dead. He does not even suggest that they were the results of what moderns would call suggestive therapeutics, or that they are examples of mind-cure.

Be all this as it may, however, the Mooresque narration, despite its difficulty of style, is a work of art. It is archaeologically, typographically, well documented. As a mere study of Jewish life and manners it is wonderful. So too with his characters. Joseph of Arimathea is a beautiful and noble spirit, in his devotion to his father and to Jesus as well, whom he loved much but could not quite un-

derstand, for Joseph was learned not only in the Jewish Law, but in Greek philosophy, particularly favoring the *panta rei* of Heraclitus. A fine old fond, rugged, hard fellow is Joseph's father, Dan of Magdala. Hazeel, the patriarch of the Essenic cenobites, is a character creation of power. Even more impressive, though adumbrated rather than depicted, is James, the brother of Jesus, darkly but fiercely opposed to the assaults of Jesus upon the Law and the trend of his sweeping revolutionism. Peter, as I have said, is delineated with a naturalistic realism that is tinged with good humor. Most attractive of all though is Joseph, and as I drudged through the book to the powerful last chapters, I could not help noting in him something very like the quality of Pater's Marius the Epicurean. He is a soul athirst in an arid age, seeking for some water of life, thinking he finds it in the preachments of Jesus, but not quite certain of anything but the loveliness of the man. Jesus, himself, is not quite successfully drawn by Mr. Moore; at least Mr. Moore's portraiture, meticulous as it is, cannot make headway against the conception of the Saviour one brings to the book from the universal deposit of faith and tradition during nineteen hundred years. One senses him as a rapt fanatic shepherd possibly unkempt, not overclean, talking vaguely of the end of the world, in a way which might mean anything from an actual cataclysm, with a general resurrection, to a Jewish revolt against the Romans. Nicodemus, the exquisite, expected a revolution by fire and sword and some of the apostles quarreled almost over their respective seats near the throne upon the coming of the Father. None of the faithful quite gracefully yielded to the demand to leave all they had and follow Jesus. Peter could not quite reconcile his wife to it. She liked Jesus well enough, but he was living in her house and the cost of living was high, and what she wanted to know was why Jesus was not paying his board. And when Jesus spoke of the resurrection of the body, it was Peter, I think, who was puzzled to determine whether there would be places in Heaven where a man could retire and loosen his belt. It is plain that Mr. George Moore not only studied carefully the Jewish "mores," but that he even more carefully tried to figure out these Jews of the age of Augustus, as to their thought and conduct, by what he knows of modern men and women of corresponding status in the world to-day. I caught myself at times wondering in reading "The Brook Kerith," whether I was not reading some of the writings of the late John M. Synge, or some of the work of James Stephens. There is an Irish autochthonic flavor unmistakable in this latest work of the Irishman George Moore.

Mr. Moore does not venture on many details of the crucifixion. This is wise. Why compete with the Gospels? He says that men crucified seldom died on the cross, that many of them lived for three or four days, and often they recovered. Because Pilate is his friend, Joseph of Arimathea is permitted to take the body of Jesus from the cross and bury it in the tomb which Joseph had built for himself, in despondent days after the death of his father. After bearing the body to the tomb and depositing it there, Joseph is loth to seal it up. He goes into the tomb to give Jesus the farewell kiss and as he does, Jesus comes out of his swoon. Secretly, Joseph carries Jesus to a house in his garden and has him nursed by a faithful woman servant, the other servants being sent away. Jesus says nothing. Joseph does not question him, for he does not wish to pain him, and Jesus seems as one who has lost memory of his past. Joseph takes Jesus away from Jerusalem and the possibility of recapture and punishment for sedition, leading him back to the Essenic cenoby in the hills whence Jesus came. There Jesus reverts to his shepherd-ing, displaying a wonderful knowledge of dogs and sheep and rams, familiar with significances of nature, knowing the paths and caves and the haunts of robbers. Joseph is supposedly, soon after, the victim of the knives of the Zealots and passes out of the history.

Among the cenobites Jesus says little, moves much alone on the hills. He partakes not at all of debates among the Essenes as to belief and discipline, for the Essenes are torn by schism evolved out of their own ruminations over the problems of existence. The virus of Greek philosophy has got in among them. We gather that Jesus had little use for such dialectic "about it and about," that he was rapt in contemplation of the mystery of his own great delusion and repented the unpardonable sin he had committed—he, a man, proclaiming himself a God. I gather from the explanation of Mr. Moore that Jesus saw that when he proclaimed himself God, he passed insensibly from preaching love to inculcating hate, that he sinned in trying to bring men to worship any other God than the God within themselves. God, it is said at the end of one chapter in the book, was the last uncleanness of the human mind. Jesus reverts to what we would call to-day a pure Tolstoyan attitude, to non-resistance, to a deep, patient quietism before the mystery and pain of life, in which his former passionate effort to reshape things by methods relatively and in effect, if not in purpose, violent, seemed to be a great crime. He saw that his work was separating people instead of drawing them together. He lamented his rejection of Joseph's offer to be a disciple and grieved over his repudiation of his own mother—"Woman, what have I to do with thee?" He had sinned against the God within himself by trying to impose that God upon other people. In the pages picturing the Essenes in council and the life of the disillusioned Jesus, Mr. Moore is marvelous in his learning, his penetrating knowledge of human nature and in a certain strange, hard sympathy.

Maybe thirty years after the crucifixion comes Paul, with his son in the faith, Timothy, from Caesarea to the hills where the cenobites hold forth. Paul, who was Saul, is preaching Jesus Christ and him crucified, with a burning faith. To these Essenes he is not intelligible. They know nothing of a Jesus of Nazareth who suffered under Pilate and rose again from the dead. There is a Jesus of Nazareth among them, but he never died. Paul tells how Jesus spoke to him on the road to Damascus, declares that there were five hundred witnesses to the appearance of his Jesus after his death, and a dozen, Mary and Martha and others, to the empty tomb with the angel in white declaring Jesus had risen. Jesus seeks for the lost Timothy in the hills. He is perturbed by the talk of Paul, by Paul's heroic faith in what Jesus knows to be a lie. This lie is changing the face of the world, men and women bear persecution and death for it. The force of it is destroying the Jewish Law, abolishing the ancient dispensation. In truth it is bringing to the peoples as Jesus himself had said in a wild moment of hallucination, not peace but a sword, dividing sons and fathers, husbands and wives. All the false things Jesus did are blazoned and affirmed as mighty facts and truths for the purification of earth, the salvation of men. What a bane and blight he, Jesus, had brought upon the world! Verily, he was accursed for his insane pride. His soul's tortures Jesus brought for balm to the wise old head of the cenoby, whose last words of kindly consolation were that Jesus should cease to grieve; the world had been so long ruled by so many lies, one great governing lie more would not much matter.

It is when Mr. Moore brings Jesus and Paul together that "The Brook Kerith" provides a stupendous confrontation and conflict—the real Jesus, as Mr. Moore would have us understand him, and the Jesus of whom Paul was fulfilled. Shall the Jesus of this book go back to Jerusalem, give himself up and proclaim the truth that he did not rise from the dead, having never died? Should he declare that his brother James was right in scoffing and scorning the story that was working with such marvelous force to destroy Judaism? Of what use? Nothing could shake the faith of Paul and his kind.

Joseph of Arimathea, who could prove Jesus' story true, was dead. There was the testimony of those who found the angel at the empty tomb, of those who had seen him arisen afterward. If he came forward now to annihilate the legend, for which Stephen had gladly and gloriously died, he would be held to be but a crazy impostor. He longed to tell Paul the whole truth, but Paul would not hear it. Paul was tempted almost to believe but he put the temptation away. Jesus was almost on the point of making one supreme effort to dispel Paul's hallucination; indeed, he showed his maimed hands and feet; but what was all that to Paul against that vision on the road to Damascus and the voice, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" Jesus realized that a more real Jesus than he possessed Paul, a Jesus of Paul's own inner consciousness, a Jesus that was greater than the real Jesus. And Paul feared the Jesus in fact, thought him, now a Jewish spy, again a demon come to tempt him and shake his faith by the wonderful bits of corroboration given by Jesus, in snatches and glimpses, to prove himself none other than Paul's own Jesus of Nazareth. Over Jesus comes a great pity for Paul, for the world Paul was winning with and for the monster lie. After all, was not Paul's Jesus true to Paul, the very God within himself? So Jesus sets Paul on the way to Caesarea, through the beast and robber infested hills, along the route that Timothy had taken, ministering to him lovingly, sorrowing for his infatuation with a vision, wondering at the mystery and settling down to a dull hope that perhaps all would be well in the long run. And Jesus leaves Paul, in sight of the city, and Paul departs enraptured on his declared ultimate mission to preach Jesus of Nazareth, crucified and risen from the dead, to the Gentiles in distant Spain. The story's done.

Needless to say, "The Brook Kerith," with whatever faults, is a great book of pity. In the large it is a work done masterly. There is big imagination and piercing humanity in it. It has a steady if somewhat clogged power in it, the clogging due mostly to the style in which the speech or the thought of one person and another is not distinguished or differentiated, as we are used to having them so marked off. This mannerism of the book is an imitation of the Bible style, which Mr. Moore knows well, having had the book hourly at his side for nearly twenty years. The book is George Moore's version of the New Testament—the George Moore of "The Impressions of a Young Man," "Evelyn Innes," "Esther Waters," "Memoirs of My Dead Life,"—Moore the cynic realist, Moore the mystic sensualist, Moore the intellectualist humanist, Moore the man who has a stab or a slur for every friend, Moore the renegade Irish Catholic, Moore the painter, Moore the man who despairs of art and religion and government. "The Brook Kerith" is a book against every faith Moore ever had and has forsworn. "The Brook Kerith" sublimates all the doubt that Flaubert presented so proteanly in "The Temptation of Saint Anthony," a doubt and denial deeper than Anatole France put into "The Procurator of Judea," a bitterer negation than Winwood Reade enshrined in "The Martyrdom of Man" or than Frank Harris put into a short story version of Moore's theme, in the collection of tales, "Unpath'd Waters." Quite regardless of one's religious faith, "The Brook Kerith" is impressive—especially at this time. I wonder if Mr. Moore's deluded Jesus is less or more pathetic than our own Biblical Jesus who died for a world that blasphemes his ideal of peace and brotherhood in the bloodiest war of all history? It ill becomes any believer to-day to damn George Moore for this book of the futility of Jesus the Christ when those of us who believe that Jesus did die on the cross and did rise from the dead have it borne in upon us in so many ways that the great sacrifice was in vain, and though the tragedy on Golgotha took place nearly twenty centuries ago, the Christianity which that tragedy was supposed to establish, has never yet been tried and that Jesus Christ was the first Christian and the last.

Slandering Genius

By Michael Monahan

FROM far-off Alberta comes a letter from a woman, asking if I can confirm a report that the late Elbert Hubbard was overmuch given to drink, in spite of his professed leanings toward prohibition. My correspondent avers that, while lecturing in that country a few years ago, the rumor ran that he was "spifflicated" a great part of the time. The testimony to the point, she further avouches, is copious, circumstantial and apparently veracious. And there you are!

The lady seems to write without prejudice, and her letter merits a reply.

I will say at once that this is not the first time the story has reached me; indeed, the legend that Elbert Hubbard was in the habit of overworking the Lecturer's Clove is a tolerably familiar one. Yes, I have heard it often, trimmed up with Variations, and elaborated with Art, made plausible by Circumstance and attested by the Unimpeachable liar. And, of course, I have never believed it!

The Fra and I had not been in familiar habits for many years before his death. He might have taken on a Chronic Habit of tipping his elbow without my personal knowledge. But again, I don't believe it. He was not that type of man, and the amount of work he got through with to the very end sufficiently refutes the canard. I imagine it grew out of his association with the vaudeville stage in his later years;—the "Profession" is quite hospitable to such legends.

That Hubbard could and would upon occasion take a social drink is certainly true; at least it was during the period of our active friendship. He was enough of an artist to know that stimulus and inspiration were so to be had, if wisely ordered. Also, like Gorky, he knew that the artist must experience all things; and with all his keen-eyed devotion to the Main Chance, Hubbard saw himself chiefly as an artist. But he was resolved to negotiate the "cup" without the "adder," and in this he succeeded, if ever a man has done so.

On our first meeting in the good old town of Albany, New York, we were both young enough to sit up at Zeller's for a night's talk (after he had lectured for the Sons of Abraham), and we did it over the beer of Beverwyck—a famous brew, as Dr. Maurice J. Lewi could tell you. The Fra seemed to stay in very well, but I reckon the talk held us more than the drink. Anyhow, there were no regrets afterward, though I had to go home in full daylight wearing a dress suit, and with a comic dazzle in my eyes that was not all of the sun. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow student:—sweet are the errors of youth, and I am envying those two fellows who talked it out so bravely over the amber brew, without fear of the morrow.

During my early visits to East Aurora when the Roycroft was small and struggling and of a devil-may-care spirit which, to me at least, was worth all the later prosperity, there was a Buffet maintained for extraordinary visitors. It was cannily guarded and administered by the Fra in person and donations thereto were not violently repulsed. There was a brand of hard cider whose "kick" I still recall quite distinctly. It is true the Buffet did not last long, owing to occasional raids of the remittance men and the privateering of Ali Baba.

Elsewhere and at other times I have known Hubbard to take a cocktail or sip a glass of wine, in deference to his company, but I never saw him the worse for drink. In point of fact, he was always the better for it, and he has told me that some of his best and happiest ideas came to him in just that way. (He is not the only writer who has made me a like confession.) His self-control was perfect, and he was not one to tarry overlong in Bohemia. But he liked to show himself within its liberties, and to claim a share in the fellowship of talent which is the eternal lure of that delightful, though perilous, country.

Such was Elbert Hubbard when I knew him as a close friend, and such I believe he remained to the end of his days. The story of his alleged drunkenness is surely a fake, only worth noting because it helps to mark a curious phase of popular perversity.

Who has not known similar stories, equally plausible and incredible, told of poets, writers, artists, actors, men of talent? Do they not seem to be of the enduring stock of human invention? What tale so monstrous and absurd affecting a man of talent but it shall get credence and circulation and a marvelous term of life? Elbert Hubbard could have counted himself a lucky man if no worse slander than this were ever put upon him. It is indeed a ghastly truth that such men as he seldom hear the vilest and most incredible things that are whispered about them.

For it seems to be a fixed belief and an incurable superstition of the mediocre mind that great mental power is always accompanied by some moral handicap or abnormality. Hence the obscene legends spawned of the vulgar imagination, which are attached to so many famous and illustrious names. It is the toad's answer to the swan—the eternal penalty which mediocrity exacts of genius.

Few of a truth are the great artists and poets who have escaped this penalty; nay, we are loth to grant them the highest merit should they lack the stigma of slander. Glory and Golgotha refuse to be separated!

The sins of the artist are always exaggerated (I have said this before), for the vulgar reason here pointed out, and also because the exercise of his power of expression and revelation places him, so to say, under a burning glass in all men's eyes.

In a way he becomes a vicarious scapegoat for the sins of others; that is to say, for the mediocrities who pronounce judgment upon him.

The great William of Avon remarked that "though thou be as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny."

Probably Shakespeare was not thinking of himself when he wrote these words, but the connection is bound to occur to us. What great poet has been more greatly slandered? Has he not been judged a man too low and ignorant to be the author of his own immortal Plays and Poems? Does he not stand accused of being the leman or lover of other men?—There is no real proof, of course,—excepting his immense and unrivaled genius!

Take another example. For a time Byron seemed to challenge Shakespeare's "pride-o'-place" in English letters. His genius was as a sun of glory before which all the poets of his age veiled their farthing dips. The vulgar answer to Byron's fame was an obscene legend without parallel, which even in our day has received additions: for Mediocrity never forgives. A whole literature of filth has been created about this proud and dazzling figure, and he has been charged with immoralities unknown or unavowed since the worship of Dionysus. The foul legend persists and there are never wanting toads to admire it.

Literary history is filled with such examples:—it would be a bore to cite further on this line. Poe, Baudelaire, Whitman, Wilde, Maupassant, Verlaine—it is like calling the Newgate Calendar. And, by a fortunate provision, there are always more toads than swans!

If the Albertans only knew it, they were putting Elbert Hubbard in the best literary company. It is dangerous to slander a man of talent!

Thackeray tells us, in a Roundabout Paper, of a similar story affecting himself which had been put in circulation by a discharged valet. It seems the man gave out, with embellishments and particulars, that an important part of his duties was to carry the author of "Vanity Fair," drunk, to bed every night, and up a pair of stairs in the bargain! The fact that Thackeray was a very large man and the valet a small one, making the story, therefore, physically impossible to be true, did not prevent its gaining both hearers and believers. Have I not said that to be actually incredible is nothing against an

invention of this kind? Poor Thackeray!—the tale of his drunkenness has had a footing and a credence quite independent of the uncouth slander of his valet. There were idle tongues and haters of great reputation even within the exclusive doors of the Athenæum.

And Dickens? A man who wrote so much about the genial side of drink and was himself so frankly addicted to "creature comforts," presented a broad mark to the defamer of genius. So it was only to be expected that the prohibition-teetotal-abstinent party should find grave cause for believing that he literally *died of drink*! Whatever he may have died of, an American hater of the wine-cup lately rushing into print, affirms and asseverates that Dickens was constantly drunk during forty years—that is, from his twentieth year up!

An utterly mad and ridiculous statement, of course, but essentially not worse than many slanders always current affecting men and women of talent, to which the world lends a greedy ear. . . .

The toads are a wonderful race to be sure; their comeliness is truly not much to brag of, but they sing together with powerful effect, and though you might not call their music sweet, even by stretching a compliment, it will upon occasion quite drown out the swans, whom at times they contrive to bespatter with their filth.

♦♦♦♦

The Cong. Union's Vest-Pocket

By Adele M. Ballard

TO those visionaries and idealists who favored woman suffrage because they honestly believed that women would purify politics; to those who hoped that the entrance of women in the political arena would abolish abuses that savored of the ward-heeler and his tribe; and to those who firmly believed that women were the sole guardians of honesty, justice and truth, it must come with something of a shock to recognize some of the old bull-doing tactics in high favor among those who are professedly working for reform.

The threats that the Congressional Union are now making against the Democratic party might be considered "silly season" stuff had not Miss Lucy Burns, vice-chairman of the Union, put her Jane Hancock to the declaration that "Women will certainly not return to power a party that has denied them justice."

No matter which party returns to power it will be one, which, according to suffragists themselves, has denied women justice since the mind of man runneth not to the contrary.

The silliest of all silly threats is the one made by the Congressional Union that the 4,000,000 women voters will be rounded up and cast their votes according to the dictates of the leaders.

To begin with, there is no indication, to judge by past elections, that 4,000,000 women will vote. There are too many of them opposed to suffrage; some, because the effect is already apparent, and others, because they have the sense to realize that a feminine government would be one of the most undesirable things on earth.

When a kind-hearted but deluded, old, gray-haired woman will get up before an audience and declare gently that men have had their chance at running the nation's affairs and have made a failure, and now it is time that women should step forward and bring order out of chaos, it would be laughable if it were not pitiful.

Take this one item for instance—the Susan B. Anthony Federal Amendment that would give women the franchise through Constitutional Amendment instead of securing it through the States. Any amendment proposed must receive the votes of "two-thirds of both the United States Senate and the House of Representatives, and then must be ratified by three-fourths of the States."

If thirty of the forty-eight States are opposed to the change, it cannot be made. Anyone familiar with conditions knows that there are sufficient local reasons in the South to explain the strong opposi-

tion to suffrage, and of the remaining States the Democrats control at least a third, and to antagonize the whole party can only lead to political destruction of those who are showing their "political idiocy," as one paper calls it. The Constitutional amendment must have the support of Democrats as well as Republicans.

The two parties are too evenly matched in strength to be played by unskilled hands against each other, and in that very evenness lies the hope of the nation for betterment along legislative lines. The balance of power may lie elsewhere, but it cannot be composed wholly of the woman vote in the sparsely settled States.

It has been learned by experience that women cast their votes exactly like men—where their interests lie. In spite of the large talk on the part of some of the self-appointed leaders, the ballot, unlike love, in the life of the majority of women, is a thing apart—not their whole existence.

I hope to be pardoned for again calling attention to the fact that when municipal affairs in Seattle had become a national byword and called for the most drastic methods, there were 23,000 women voters and Hi Gill, the mayor at that time, was recalled by 6,000 votes, and no one claims that they were all of the feminine brand.

One member of the Congressional Union asked why Gill was returned to office after the city had repudiated him and his regime, and the answer was made, "Because women are emotional, and the press, or part of it, featured the sob-stuff business during the campaign."

When Washington was given the franchise for women through trickery, no doubt there were many suffragists who considered that the end would justify the means. The results have proven the fallacy of that doctrine. The human element has not been eliminated and ideals and facts are still as widely separated as the poles when it comes to woman suffrage.

It would be indeed a tragedy if, at the very threshold of so-called equal rights in the twelve States, 4,000,000 voters could be used as a club on any matter pertaining to politics or public affairs. Where would the difference lie, save in numbers, between that process and the shady methods of the hum politician who boasts that he carries the vote of his ward in his vest-pocket and all he needs to do is to snap his whip?

Besides, it is a historical and notorious fact that a woman's pocket is something of a joke, and the Congressional Union's vest-pocket, be it elastic as it may, cannot hold 4,000,000 votes. If such a threat could frighten the leaders of any party they should be retired from service to give place to men who are not afraid of the rustling skirts of a bugaboo. It would be a coward who would allow a threat to swerve him from his duty to the country he is sworn to serve.

Moreover, it might be well for the advocates of woman suffrage to bear in mind that Woodrow Wilson is the first President of the United States who cast his vote for "Votes for Women" and actions speak louder than campaign promises, no matter who is making them.

♦♦♦♦

Mastery

By Sara Teasdale

I WOULD not have a god come in
To shield me suddenly from sin,
And set my house of life to rights;
Nor angels with bright burning wings
Ordering my earthly thoughts and things;
Rather my own frail guttering lights
Wind-blown and nearly beaten out,
Rather the terror of the nights
And long, sick groping after doubt,
Rather be lost than let my soul
Slip vaguely from my own control—
Of my own spirit let me be
In sole, though feeble, mastery.

From *The Bellman*.

Gray Snow

By Albert W. Tolman

THE officer of the deck, Lieutenant Preston, saluted as he entered the chart room to make his report to Captain Edwards.

"All accounted for, sir, except the prize crew and the Japs aboard the *Hakodate Maru*."

Dong—dong—dong—dong—dong!

The bell of the little Russian Greek church, ringing fast and incessantly, pealed through the rain of volcanic ashes. Father Kirk Kashiveroff was calling his flock to prayer.

The United States revenue cutter *Walrus*, with steam up, ready to go to sea, lay at the wharf of the Alaskan cannery town of St. Andrew, on Kodiak Island. Mount Katmai, almost one hundred miles off on the mainland, was in eruption, and for two days its ashes, driven by a strong northwest wind, had been falling on St. Andrew.

Streets were blocked; roofs were cracking under their increasing burden. The gray dust had choked the harbor and stopped the run of salmon up the little river. Work at the cannery had ceased, and most of the four hundred residents had taken refuge on the *Walrus* and in the shed on the adjoining wharf.

It was after ten o'clock in the morning when Preston made his report to the captain, but day had not dawned at all. Not a glimmer of light broke the dead and impenetrable blackness that had blotted out the June morning. And still the ashes fell. The air reeked with sulphurous fumes. Frequent avalanches, sending up thick, suffocating clouds of dust, rushed and rumbled down the steep hillsides into the harbor.

Since early morning all hands on the *Walrus* had been busy with shovels and corn brooms, striving to keep the ship clear of ashes. Temporary shelters built of board and canvas housed the refugees and gave the exhausted, blinded workers an occasional respite.

At eleven o'clock the captain determined to make one more attempt with the wireless.

"Tell the operator to try to raise Unalaska," he ordered Preston.

The lieutenant soon returned. "Radio is dumb, sir. Too much static."

There was no sign of the eruption's abating. To remain meant death, perhaps, for everyone in St. Andrew.

"Get the ship ready for sea," Captain Edwards commanded. "Tell the people on the wharf to come aboard and send a man up to the church to notify Father Kashiveroff."

Anchored off the cannery, a half mile westward, lay a Japanese schooner, the *Hakodate Maru*, which the revenue cutter had seized a few days before, because it had found one of her boats inside the three-mile limit and on board it a sea otter, recently shot, worth two thousand dollars. That was a serious offense, for the close time for those animals would not expire until 1920.

The captain of the poacher and his two mates were confined on the *Walrus*. Second Lieutenant Brigham, Gunner Pease and two seamen formed the prize crew in charge of the *Hakodate Maru* and of the thirty Japanese who remained on board. The schooner lay less than three thousand feet away, but the cutter had not seen or heard from her for more than twenty-four hours.

In a few minutes Preston returned.

"It's no use to send a boat after Brigham," said the captain. "In this darkness it would be a hard job to find the schooner and get back safely. Besides, the boat would fill up with dust. The *Hakodate* could never get under way and beat out. The only thing to do is to get our men and the Japs ashore and bring 'em back to the cutter. It's death to everyone if we stop much longer."

"Let me make up a party and go after them!" exclaimed Preston eagerly.

"All right. Call for volunteers."

When Preston explained the mission to the crew and asked for volunteers, every man in the crowd responded. The lieutenant picked five men. Equipped with a megaphone, a boat compass, three lanterns and a long rope, the party started.

Meanwhile the church bell had stopped ringing. As they hastened up the wharf, a little string of refugees, headed by Father Kashiveroff, brushed by them in the gloom.

Leaving the wharf, the rescue party proceeded westward along the narrow, winding street until they reached the sloping beach. Consulting the compass by aid of a lantern, the lieutenant led the way; the others followed, clinging to the rope. In that gloom it would never do for a man to become separated from his companions.

On level ground the ashes were two feet deep. Here and there masses of volcanic debris from the steep, rocky hills that sloped down to the shore had piled up like huge gray snowdrifts. The party wallowed onward, keeping as near the water as possible.

Occasionally they stumbled over an old log or the rib of a whale. It was hard to breathe, and, except in the little circle of light shed by the lanterns, impossible to see. Once an avalanche of ashes rushing down to the beach cut the party in two, and almost buried a seaman; but the others extricated him, and the procession crawled slowly on. It took almost an hour to make that half mile. At last Preston came plump against a board wall.

"Here's the cannery!" he exclaimed.

Very cautiously they picked their way out upon the wharf. At its end they halted, and Preston shouted through the megaphone:

"On board the schooner!"

A joyful hail came ringing back.

"Lower your boats and come ashore!" ordered the lieutenant.

The party went down on the beach and repeatedly shouted to direct the men from the *Hakodate Maru*. The shouts in reply grew louder, and presently two boats, each containing fifteen Japanese under the charge of two Americans, came surging through the ashes and grounded on the beach.

Lieutenant Preston quickly made arrangements for the return trip. He placed three of his men ahead, interspersed the other Americans among the Japanese, and himself took the rear—the post of danger.

Before Second Lieutenant Brigham stepped forward to take his place in the line, he lifted his lantern and called Preston's attention to one of the poachers, who was grasping the rope just ahead of the lieutenant. He was a small man, with an ugly bruise as large as a pigeon's egg on his left temple.

"Drew a knife on the gunner and got a taste of Pease's fist! He's a bad one. Look out for him!"

The warning was hardly necessary, however. The Japanese, like all the others, was only too glad to get hold of the rope. There was no danger of his making trouble or trying to run away. In fact, it would have been hard work to drive any of them off. They feared the volcanic storm much more than they did their captors. Before the line started, Preston walked with his lantern to its head, to make sure that everyone had hold.

"Keep close to the water," he directed the leader. "Go as fast as you can, but don't lose your way."

Snakily the strange, solemn procession filed past him. The feeble lantern glow emphasized the murkiness of the thick-falling ashes. Man after man came blinking into the narrow circle of light and disappeared beyond.

Preston counted them, one by one. The thirtieth was the Japanese with the bruise on his temple. He completed the list. Swinging his lantern on his arm, the lieutenant grasped the end of the rope.

Slowly the long line moved along. Although they were retracing the route that the rescue party had just traversed, the footprints had already dis-

appeared under the gray snow. Blinded, choking, almost suffocated, the men stumbled silently on, with their heads down, shielding their eyes and noses as best they could.

Preston realized that it would never do for him to let go. If he dropped off, the poacher in front would pay no attention, indeed, might never notice that he was gone.

Suddenly the blast of a whistle roared through the gloom ahead:

Whooh! Whooh-oo-oo! Whooh-oo-oo!

The *Walrus* was signaling to guide them, blowing her call letter, W, one short and two long whistles. It put fresh heart into the groping, staggering line. Their pace quickened. Louder and louder roared the steam blast, setting the thick air vibrating.

Whooh! Whooh-oo-oo! Whooh-oo-oo!

The beach narrowed, and Preston knew that the village was only a few hundred feet ahead. They had reached the most dangerous part of their journey, where the path ran under a steeply sloping cliff, which threatened unseen avalanches. The men in the van realized the peril and quickened their pace.

Suddenly there came a rushing overhead. It swelled in volume, and a cry of warning ran along the line:

"Look out! Here it comes!"

The rope twitched forward. Its unexpected jerk upset the poacher in front of Preston, and he stumbled and fell. Stooping quickly, the lieutenant locked his arms round the prostrate man to lift him to his feet.

At that very moment down from the slippery ledges swooped a great mass of dust and ashes. It swept over the heads of Preston and the Japanese. They were overwhelmed, buried. The lieutenant was held as in a mould. At first he feared that he was fixed inextricably, and a shudder ran over him at the thought of dying with those close, warm ashes filling eyes and ears and nose, and pressing against every square inch of his body.

Nerved to desperation, he began to struggle furiously to work his body clear. He dared not breathe—for to inhale that terrible dust would seal his fate. He had only a few seconds. The thought set him wild, and he fought madly, while little, bright, sharp sparkles of flame danced before his eyes.

His strength was ebbing fast, and he knew that he could not hold his breath ten seconds more. Suddenly his arms came free and his head emerged. He shook himself clear and stood up. It was black as pitch. The rope had been pulled away from him. Where was the Japanese?

Something heaved feebly under the ashes at his knees. Although it might cost him his own life, Preston could not desert the helpless poacher.

Gasping and almost exhausted, he dug the man out at last. Although the fellow breathed spasmodically, he was insensible. Preston shouldered his body and, guiding himself by keeping his feet in the water, staggered on.

A faint glimmer broke the gloom.

"Preston! Preston!" called Brigham's anxious voice, and a moment later the second lieutenant came up.

The two officers took turns at carrying the Japanese, and before long the entire party were safe on board the cutter.

Five minutes later, with two lookouts on the forecabin, the *Walrus* was feeling her way out slowly through the narrow channel. At last she gained the outer harbor, and felt through the thinning ashes the swell of the open sea.

Gradually, as they steamed south, the gray snow decreased, the skies assumed a reddish color, and objects aboard became dimly visible. The eruption was evidently nearing its close.

The *Walrus* anchored that night in a sheltered harbor. By morning all precipitation of ashes had ceased, and Captain Edwards steamed back to St. Andrew, landed his human cargo, and sent his sailors ashore to help clear the town of volcanic debris.

From *The Youth's Companion*.

This Settles It

GIFFORD PINCHOT
MILFORD, PIKE CO., PA.

Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 7, 1916.
Mr. William Marion Reedy,
Editor, Reedy's Mirror,
St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Sir:

It is the duty of every American citizen to make and support openly his choice among the candidates for the Presidency. That duty is especially solemn this year because great events and great decisions are certain to confront us during the next Administration. I am writing to give you my reasons for my own choice. If you care to lay them before your readers, please do so, but not before Monday morning, September 11.

I am neither a Democrat nor a Republican, but a Progressive. Yet, there being no Progressive nominee, unless I choose to support a candidate who cannot be elected, I must vote for either Wilson or Hughes.

For many months after his inauguration, I thought well of President Wilson. In many respects I liked what he said about what he was going to do. He talked well and made a good impression. It was only when I began to check up what he said by what he did that I was forced to change my view.

In the end I came to see that President Wilson has a greater power than any other man in public life to say one thing but do another, and get away with it.

The facts which justify this statement are common knowledge.

We have all heard him tell Germany publicly that she would be held to strict accountability; and have learned afterward that he had actually let her know secretly at the time, by the mouth of his Secretary of State through the Austrian Ambassador, that what he said he did not mean. We have all seen him prove that he did not mean it by his total failure to exact reparation, apology, or even disavowal for the murder of Americans on the *Lusitania*.

I do not say that Wilson should have thrust us into war. There was no need of war. But there was need of courage to give us peace with self-respect. If Wilson had shown courage, this country would not have skidded from one crisis to the next, again and again narrowly escaping disaster.

We have all heard him declare against intervention in Mexico, while actually intervening to dictate who should and who should not hold office there; and denounce war against Mexico while actually engaged in war.

With war on every side of us, we all heard him, in his second annual message, solemnly assure the country that we had not been negligent of National defense. It was not true; and later on, he himself proved that it was not true by proclaiming aloud the need for what he had solemnly assured us we already had.

For more than a year after the world-war began, Wilson did not raise a finger to put us in a condition of defense. Only the proverbial good luck

Millinery Modes for Autumn



The Vandervoort Millinery Shops are making a most comprehensive showing of Hats that represent the latest expressions of style creators.

Paris has sent her quota of charming Hats, including Original Models from Reboux, Maria Guy, Georgette, Monsieur Lewis, Saget and many other designers of note.

These, together with the French adaptations and Original Models that our own designers have created according to their own conceptions of the needs of American women, make this showing of compelling interest.

The new season offers a wide choice of styles and materials, including Russian Modes and Japanese Embroideries that are in direct contrast to the Spanish influence.

Black is now, and will continue to be, much in demand for general wear, while negre brown, crow blue and mole is highly favored for wear with street frocks.

Exceedingly attractive are the new Metal Laces for formal wear, especially when shown in combination with fur and velvet.

Furs were never so prominent in millinery fashions as this season—all kinds are being used in many different ways.

Original French Model Hats, \$25 to \$65.
Our Own Designs and Adaptations, \$12.75 to \$45.

Third Floor.

Handsome Suits, Coats and Wraps

We have inaugurated a new Specialty Shop, devoted exclusively to Women's Outer Apparel of the very finest grade.

Here you will find distinctive models from Paquin, Drecoll, Brandt and Bernard that have never been shown before and as authoritativeness of style consists primarily of intimacy with supreme sources, these creations will appeal to the woman who seeks individuality.

There are handsome suits and coats accurately proportioned for the tall, short, slender and stout woman—all fashioned from the richest materials and faultlessly tailored.

Prices \$67.50 to \$350.00

Evening Wraps in entirely new models that are unequalled for their attractive styles and luxurious fabrics. Prominent in this showing are models of lovely Velvets embellished with fine furs, gold embroidery and exquisite laces.

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of America has kept us from paying the bitterest price for his unforgivable neglect.

We have all heard him ridicule the idea of a greater navy, then declare for incomparably the greatest navy in the world, and then go back on that.

We have all heard him declare for exempting our coast-wise trade from tolls in the Panama Canal; and have seen him show our own people and the English that he did not mean it.

We have seen him elected on a platform which pledged him to a single term as President, and then become a candidate for another term.

We have all heard him declare for the conservation of our natural resources; and have seen him neglect that policy, and refuse his help to defeat the Shields waterpower bill, the most dangerous attack on conservation since Ballinger's effort to turn Alaska over to the Guggenheims.

We have all heard him declare for efficiency in Government, and have seen him set the pork-barrel first and throw



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efficiency away. I have known official Washington from the inside for six administrations. In that time the Government business has never been so badly done and so extravagantly as it is now done under Wilson.

We have all heard him announce himself as the champion of Civil Service reform; and have seen him turn the Government departments over to the spoilsmen as no other President has done in twenty years.

We have all heard him declare for pitiless publicity; and have seen him conduct the most secret administration of our time.

We have all heard him announce himself as President of all the people, and have seen him, as the most par-

tisan President of his generation, flout and oppose the Progressives, whom now, because he needs them, he seeks to conciliate and enlist.

Worst of all is this: When every principle of freedom and equality for which our fathers fought was at stake in the great war, when our whole country eagerly awaited the leadership of the President, Wilson dodged. He refused to take sides on the greatest moral issue of our time. He advised our people to be "neutral even in thought," undecided between right and wrong. While our friends abroad were fighting for the principles we held equally with them, he taught us that profits and ease were better than self-respect. President Wilson has done our

Nation the most serious injury that any leader can do to any people by making us flinch with him from a great moral decision. Thereby he weakened our hold as a nation on the principles which alone can make any people self-respecting, safe and strong.

Having led us wrong on the ground that we must be neutral in the face of the deliberate breaking of the world's peace, he has just reversed himself again, and in his speech at Shadow Lawn now assures us that "No nation can any longer remain neutral as against any willful disturbance of the peace of the world."

It is bad enough that Wilson's foreign policy has left us, as the war draws toward its end, without a friend among the great nations of the world, and without the respect of any one of them. What is worse is that he has kept us from standing up for what we know to be right.

The ignoble standard of profit over principle which Mr. Wilson forced upon the country in our foreign relations, he has applied to himself as President. In what he has said, done, and left undone, the record shows him steadily dominated by political expediency.

These facts, and many others like them, have forced me to see that what Mr. Wilson says is no sign of what he has done, or of what he will do. The one thing his record shows is that what he stands for now he is not likely to stand for long. I do not care what his platform or his campaign declarations may be, because the common experience of us all has taught us that to him they are simply "molasses to catch flies."

Hughes, on the other hand, is a man of his word. His record as Governor of New York proves that. It shows him to be honest, fearless, and free from the domination of special interests and corrupt politicians. So far as the conservation policies are concerned, both what he said and what he did could hardly have been better. I am confident that under him these policies will be safe. He is a strong man who will dodge no moral issues, and he will give us an honest and an efficient administration.

As a Progressive I believe in Nationalism. So does Hughes. I am certain that under Hughes the progressive policies will fare better than under Wilson, and that the safety, honor and welfare of the country will be in immeasurably surer hands.

I cannot vote for Wilson because I cannot trust him. He does not do what he says. Hughes does. Therefore, my choice is Hughes, and I shall work and vote for him.

Very truly yours,

GIFFORD PINCHOT.

[Not a word about the achievements of the Wilson administration—about the stoppage of submarine warfare on merchant ships, the navy programme, rural credits, the eight-hour day, the shipping bill, the eight-hour law, and other things. The things President Wilson has *done* are the sufficient answer to Mr. Pinchot.—Editor REEDY'S MIRROR.]

Fall Opening Week



EVERY new season is the harbinger of a fashion innovation; and with the anticipated change comes the desire on your part to see and know all about the newer things. Thus, this Autumn display—authoritative in all that it brings, broad in scope and bountiful in variety—is, in reality, something MORE than the mere showing of merchandise—it is the real fashion keynote of the entire Fall and Winter season.

You will see in this Fall Opening the culmination of weeks of special effort and preparation. You will see the worth-while things that have been produced in foreign lands, as well as in our own country. And you will be impressed with the one big idea that is paramount in every section of this opening display—the *practicality of everything that is shown*. Nothing finds a place here simply because it is rich, or beautiful, or glittering! It may be all of these, but it **MUST BE USEFUL**.

So this is a favored week! A week of anticipation, optimism and enjoyment! Accept our invitation to be here and enjoy an Autumn Opening that is in complete harmony with the beauty and bigness of St. Louis' greatest store.

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Letters From the People

The Strike and Democracy

38 St. Botolph St.,
Boston, Mass., Sept. 7, 1916.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

In your issue for September 1st there was an excellent editorial by Alpheus Stewart, called "Weaknesses of Democracy." With his main point—the greater ease with which an autocracy could handle a threatened railroad strike—everyone would agree. But to lay the blame for the situation that existed last week on democracy seems to me unjust.

It is true that we have in this country a government that is, in form at any rate, a political democracy. But our industries are organized and governed in a thoroughly autocratic manner. And if our railroads were managed democratically, with the employees having an equal voice in their management, is it at all likely that we should have been threatened with a strike such as hung over the country last week? Is not democracy—industrial democracy—the cure, rather than the cause of strikes?

In this connection, although the railroad managers have received much

praise for their hypocritical stand for arbitration, I have seen nowhere an explanation of the employees' refusal to arbitrate. Yet their reason was perfectly sound. Having lived in the same house with a member of one of the "big four" Brotherhoods at the time of the last great strike, I learned from him about the outcome of the arbitration that prevented that strike and was accepted by both sides. The award of the arbitrators happened to be mostly in favor of the men. But since the board of arbitration was an extra-legal body, there was no power to compel the observance of the terms of settlement. As a consequence, the railroads calmly ignored important parts of the award. The employees had, of course, no remedy. But can any fair-minded person blame them for refusing to submit to a repetition of such a procedure?

KENNETH B. ELLIMAN.

An Argentine Instance

Rosario, Argentine, Aug. 18, 1916.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

American capitalists are inclined to invest in Argentine. One notices this from the increased number of American firms opening here and the ventures

now being prescribed to the American investing public in one form or another. Just a word to investors:

The Rosario Gas Company, a joint stock concern, in which French and Belgian capital was largely invested, has been supplying the municipality of Rosario and the consuming public with gas for the past twenty-five years. The municipality owed the company \$375,000 for gas. With the war came an immense rise in price of coal. The Gas Company asked the municipality to pay up its debt, so it could buy coal to carry on with. The municipality promised to do so half a dozen times and just as often failed to make good its promise. The Gas Company cut off supplies. The municipality kicked, and insisted on being supplied, so the Gas Company shut up shop and went out of the manufacture of gas. Result: the private consumers find themselves deprived of gas—the shareholders of the Gas Company with a ruined business. This example may serve as a warning. The municipality would neither pay up nor pay interest on the debt.

So much for justice in Argentine. If after those investors from the States rush in—well, they'll find it, later, probably, not so easy to rush out. Better

a 4½ per cent security in the States than a 9 per cent in Argentine.

Yours faithfully,
J. W. ALLER.

The Praetorian Guard

St. Louis, Sept. 11th, 1916.
Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

In your "Fishin'" article you have, among other things, given a clear and sensible review of the labor, and more particularly of the railroad labor, situation, and its position, or attitude, as also that of the Capitalist, towards the Government or Public. Unfortunately, like so many others, you have fallen into the error of believing that the Brotherhoods coerced the President and Congress, when it was exactly the other way; the President invited and insisted on them coming from New York to Washington.

As to the "Praetorian Guard" article of "J. L. H.," if the writer of that article had as much common, ordinary sense as he, or she, pretend to have historical information, he or she, might, in the course of time, perceive that it is the Capitalist, or more correctly speaking, the Financial Plunderbund, and not the Laborer, who are the modern "Praetorian Guard."

The Public may need a Lincoln to lead them from out the Slough of Despond, but they do not need him so badly as the Plunderbund needs the services of a Specialist to detect and destroy the cancerous growth within its own structure that is eventually to destroy it.
L. G. D.

♦♦♦

The School Bonds

AN OPEN LETTER.

(COPY)

St. Louis, Aug. 31, 1916.

Dr. J. P. Harper.

President Board of Education,
St. Louis.

My Dear Sir:

I have read your letter of 25th inst. relating to the proposed bond issue to be voted on November 11 next, and have also carefully studied the documents you enclosed in advocacy of the suggested public action.

I am compelled to record my dissent to the contemplated step for several reasons, and shall endeavor to outline them clearly without too many words; and, at the outset, am willing to admit that the argument in behalf of what you advocate is stronger with me than would be one for any other possible cause.

But, nevertheless, my assured belief is that bond issues are prodigal—if not profligate—in essence, unsound in principle, and demoralizing in effect; merely unhappy expedients that ultimately lead to public thriftlessness, thoughtlessness and waste. With a correct understanding and right application of sound economic doctrine as regards the raising of public revenues there would not be even an apparent need for recourse to the measure you propose; and it is with the hope of bringing these principles more fully into public view that I announce myself as being opposed to any further issue of bonds. For, by economic law, there is within

every community, large or small, a natural provision intended to meet all growing social or civic public needs.

I refer, of course, to that fund represented by what is called ground rent, which is produced by the community as a whole and which of right belongs to the community by reason of such creation. This vast fund now goes into private hands; and, until all forms of municipal betterment are eased of burdens now unjustly borne, and until this fund is taken for public uses by proper legislation there will be the constant temptation to plunge deeper into debt on the plea that there are not sufficient funds to meet current growing municipal needs.

The argument that future generations should be loaded with evidences of the financial spendings of to-day is to my mind without the slightest validity;

such action proceeds from arbitrary power exercised either ignorantly, dishonestly, or otherwise indefensibly, as I see it.

I should rebel against the payment of any financial charge laid upon me personally by an ancestor without my consent, and it is hardly probable that I should feel kindly toward one who would so burden me, whatever might be the near or remote reason for so doing on his part. The ever safe rule for the individual person, as well as for every community and commonwealth, is to pay as you go as nearly as possible, for therein lie the principles of thrift and avoidance of the oft-times unwelcome experience of monetary obligation to another.

I feel, therefore, that I have neither moral right nor sanction in conscience to vote burdens upon the backs of a

generation that may not even yet be born.

It may, indeed, be true that serious hardships and regrettable inconveniences would be experienced in the conduct of the public schools until necessary readjustment in the canons, and reform in the method of taxation, to honest ends, had been accomplished; but abundant recompense for such a temporary situation would be found if, as an object lesson, upon the consciousness of the generations now in school there should be impressed the truths of moral sense in human government—that, to the public injury, no one may reap where he has not sown, that through filchings of the bounty of nature the few may not fatten while a thousand grow lean—in short, that the highest standards of individual right-doing must also be observed by gov-



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As an index to the completeness of our stocks, we are showing over eighty distinct styles at the above two prices. Each model incorporates the newest style features.

The Coats are the various lengths, including the highly popular finger-tip length, and even longer modes. Some are cut longer at the sides, in front or at the back, and there are plain, draped, cape, convertible and coachmen collar effects. Some of self-materials, while others are fur trimmed.

The Skirts show many distinctive new ideas. Some being simply made, and depending upon their perfect

lines for their charm. Others with yokes or with gathers, the greater part of them having pockets and girdles.

The Materials cover a wide range of the fabrics that are assured wide vogue, with a splendid showing of all-wool velours, gabardines, broadcloths, poplins, serges, heather mixtures, velour checks and Poirer twills. These are shown in green, brown, blue, taupe, Burgundy, purple, checks and mixtures.

(Third Floor.)

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ernment wherever found and in every form.

The deeply-seated abuse above pointed out has found its strength and shelter in public ignorance, in the community interests of vested wrongs, and in a morally discredited legalism that stands for things as they are; and the peaceful, orderly way in which so great a reform in revenue methods and law can be brought about should be made a fundamental lesson in every school-house in the land; and while, in a small way, I may be a beneficiary of existing conditions, still, that fact does not influence my attitude and I would vote their overthrow to-day if it were in my power to do so.

In conclusion, I wish to call attention to a condition that was under my eye nearly all of this summer; and, while I am satisfied as to the conscientious desire of your board to do everything possible for public welfare, still the spectacle presented had a very unpleasant effect upon me; while in the cases of those not so satisfied it may have caused bitter feeling, prejudices or resentment.

What I desire to point out is this: Several times weekly I had occasion to pass the Patrick Henry School during the evenings, and, as that locality is densely peopled by persons and families of small means, children of all ages were much in evidence during the weeks of stifling heat, on sidewalk, curbing, in gutter and street, these usually being the smaller ones—the older boys and girls finding partial relief in the public playground not far away. Many of these suffering children were clustered around the school property mentioned, but were locked out of that which by right was their own—by what misconceived regulation I cannot understand. Every time this condition presented itself to me, my natural, though lawless, impulse was to break down the gates, smash in the doors, tear up the brick paving and lay down tanbark or sand in its place, put up awnings and recognize the rights of these distressed people to the proper use and enjoyment day and night of that which is their own. The effect upon health, morals, contentment and intelligence by a wholesome and gracious yielding of ill-advised regulations would have been immeasurable, and it is to be hoped that no like spectacle of maladjustment in the handling of public property during a trying seasonal crisis may ever again be witnessed in this city.

Very truly yours,

GEO. HOMAN, M. D.

♦♦♦

Dolce Far Niente

The "one-gallus" customer drifted into a country store in Arkansas. "Gimme a nickel's worth of asafetida," he drawled. The clerk poured it out and pushed it across the counter. "Charge it," said the customer. "What's your name?" asked the clerk. "Honeyfunkel." "Take it for nothing," said the shopman. "I wouldn't write 'asafetida' and 'Honeyfunkel' for five cents."

♦♦♦

It's so Puzzling

"What is he noted for?"

"He is either a literary man or a magazine writer, I can't remember which."—*Life*.

The Big Push

THE DIARY OF A DOCTOR ON THE WESTERN FRONT

By Austin Macauley

I am now nearly six months in France and have just come out of the trenches after having shared the fortunes of my regiment in the first four days of the Anglo-French offensive on the Somme. I am enjoying a well-earned rest, and have therefore time to note my recent experiences. I have graduated by easy steps from the hospitals at the base to the awful inferno of the trenches, and have fulfilled many posts from the cathedral towns of the north of France to the villages in the marshes of the Somme.

My experiences, until a week ago, were on the whole not very exciting, and, with the exception of a few air fights, I had seen nothing of the real conflict. Many times had I heard the distant thunder of the guns and seen the reflection of their terrible light in the air, but never had I seen a shell burst until two days before the great offensive began. I was then appointed medical officer of a battalion of an English infantry regiment and went into the trenches with them on the night of June 30. My regiment were men who knew nothing of soldiering until the "call to arms" reached them, men who hated war like hell itself, but men who were determined to give their last in the cause for which they were fighting.

The small town in which we were resting before going into the trenches on the night of June 30th was shelled by the enemy at various times during the previous days, and a small cottage where several officers messed was blown to pieces, yet there were no casualties. In fact, the men seemed rather pleased on the advent of a shell and dug furiously in the crater of the shell to find the nosepiece or fuse as a souvenir. Late in the afternoon of June 30th we marched to another village at the entrance of the trenches, and the big shell craters along the road reminded us that we might be shelled at any moment during the march. We reached the village without incident and were there served by the regimental cooks with a hot meal. I sat at a small table with the commanding officer, his adjutant and a young lieutenant who had recently won the military cross. Sad to relate, the C. O. was badly wounded and the other two were killed in the advance on the following morning. We resumed the march at nightfall and had just barely got clear of the village when it was shelled by the enemy, and what remained of it was left in flames.

The journey through the communication trenches to the front lines was a weary scramble in the dark over greasy clay—sometimes slipping off your legs and running the risk of the column behind passing over you, and sometimes going to your knees or even your waist in muddy water. On nearing the front lines the maze of trenches was so confusing that it took some time to locate our positions, and it was with considerable relief we settled down to our work at our appointed posts. My aid post was about fifty yards behind the

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front line, and consisted of a small room or cave carved out of the side of the trench. The roof was proof against light shrapnel, but no protection against high explosives.

All through the night the heavy artillery miles behind, and the light artillery a mile or two behind the trenches on both sides "volleyed and thundered." The terrible chorus of guns, and the tearing noise of the shells about and above us made many a strong man quail. High explosives made the earth tremble at every crash, the shell-choked atmosphere continually vomited shrapnel, and our poor fellows suffered many casualties before dawn. The machine guns of the enemy played intermittently over the surface of the ground, the bullets were dropping about us like raindrops on the surface of a pond, and it was fatal to raise your head above the level of the parapet. The "Very" lights or rockets were continually shooting into the air over "no man's land" to discover raiding or attacking parties. It was a scene of weird intensity impossible to describe accurately, and beyond the imagination of anyone who had not seen it, to form an adequate idea of its proportions. My poor imagination can only liken it to a colossal thunderstorm accompanied by an overwhelming wind and a tropical rain. A soldier said the rushing noise was like "a million trains passing through a tunnel."

The darkening hours soon gave way to dawn and aeroplanes began to hover about the scene. I could not help noticing that as the sun shot his

first rays across the plain, two larks sang a duet overhead as if it were a peaceful harvesting scene going forward below instead of a terrible harvest of blood. Our men stuck to their posts in the front lines, but, owing to enemy shrapnel and high explosives, the wounded began to pour into my aid post and the stretcher bearers worked hard. At 6 a. m. the artillery work, already terrible, became frenzied, and for the next hour any communication by voice with the person beside you was impossible. It was reckoned that in that hour on a frontage of 500 yards, over 50 tons of shells passed over. The reply came shell for shell, and many brave men on either side paid the last forfeit. At 7:30 a. m. my regiment launched the attack. I was too busy behind to pay much attention to drama—or shall I say tragedy—going forward in front. Besides, my business was with the wounded, and I am not a military man, ergo I must leave a description of the attack to a more facile man.

Suffice it to say that wave after wave of our lion-hearted fellows cleared the "lid" or parapet and passed out into the "Valley of Death" in "no man's land." They were magnificently led by their young officers and the tall, athletic figure of the C. O. dominated the whole. The artillery of the enemy placed a barrage across our advance and his infantry who were supposed to have been withered in their trenches by our artillery, stood in rows on their parapets with machine guns and poured streams of lead into our ranks, and

wave after wave was shattered, never to reform. The moment was pregnant with the "passion of blood," and all the fierce determination of which the human will is capable. Many men, severely wounded, continued to advance and fought like veterans until they received their death wounds. Not a man wavered, not a man even slowed his pace, and if ever a tribute was paid to the discipline and determination of the British soldier and to the organization of "Kitchener's army," these men paid it. Their objective was gained after fearful sacrifice and the advance continued by another regiment.

And how fared it with myself during these terrible hours? The wounded were carried to my aid post by the stretcher bearers and during the long summer's day and night of July 1st I was too busy to notice the shrapnel and high explosives bursting all round me and did not realize the danger in which I lived and worked. Some of the wounds were ghastly, but many were comparatively light. Some men took their pain stoically; some were stupefied with the shock of bursting shells; some broke down and wept; while others laughed and smoked cigarettes. When one comrade was brought in and saw another before him also wounded, the words of encouragement and consolation between them, and the farewells between men who thought they were dying, were pathetic in the extreme. This I discouraged, as the effect on the others was more than depressing. The smell of fresh blood had a weird effect upon me and when it was mixed with the fumes of high explosives bursting in my vicinity, as they did several times, the combined smell was unbearable. It was not offensive—it was horrible. Pieces of shrapnel burst into my little post, and the "ping" of the bullet as it buried itself in the parapet alongside me was disconcerting. It was my first time in the trenches. I had passed through my hands nearly 400 wounded, and my nerves were steady throughout the ordeal.

Only once did I lose myself, and that was for a moment. One of our trench mortar batteries was situated behind me, and it was evidently picking holes in the enemy, for he began to search for it with high explosive shells. I could hear the ghastly shriek of these terrible missiles as they passed directly over my head and I observed that in their search they were falling shorter and shorter every time. Eventually one dropped outside the parapet in front of my post, and filled my little room or cave with dust and evil-smelling fumes, and the impact of the air nearly knocked me off my feet. From previous observations, I reckoned that the next one would fall on my post and the wounded and myself would be blown to pieces, and for the first time I thought of rushing from my post and dragging the wounded with me before the next shell arrived. On second thought I saw that it was just as bad to bring the wounded into the open trench, as they would probably be destroyed by shrapnel, my roof being proof against the lighter varieties of that death-dealing shell. I decided to await the next high explosive shell due in a few minutes, but it never came, as a new field was selected for its attentions at the opportune mo-

ment. The field ambulance half a mile behind me cleared the wounded from my post, but one of the medical officers was knocked out with a shell and owing to the number of wounded, the work of clearing began to move slowly. I sent my orderly corporal back with a dispatch, but he was buried with a shell and I never saw him again. I was thus left with my servant only to assist the wounded.

Once or twice during a lull in the stream of wounded I went into the front lines amongst the dead in the hope of discovering someone alive who might have been passed over as dead by the stretcher bearers. I shall never forget the scenes I saw. Men fell in all positions. Some of the wounds placed the dead beyond recognition, and some were slight—perhaps a small hole over the heart, but all sufficient to destroy life. The stretcher bearers worked like brave men, three-quarters of them being killed or wounded before we were relieved. During the day several artillery duels took place; the reserve of our battalion came up and we occupied another portion of the line in reserve. Thus the long summer day came to a close and night's pall fell over sad scenes in our sector. At nightfall a partridge came to the edge of my dug-out and called for its mate—a peaceful incident in an angry inferno. On the night of July 1st the wounded were still coming in from the scenes of the advance, but I contrived to snatch an odd hour's sleep in my waterproof on a cold, blood-sodden clay floor amongst the blood-stained rags of wounded men. Cockroaches and stinging insects crawled over me, and a mouse nibbled close to my ear. Fortunately, no big trench rats were in evidence. The morning of the 2nd of July dawned "On the Western Front" and, weary and worn, I began to look about for some food and drink. Water was brought to me in what was previously a petrol tin, and my servant made some tea. It was strongly impregnated with petrol, but it was passing sweet. Some biscuits and a tin of "Bully Beef" were produced, and thus refreshed, I faced another long summer's day in the trenches with high explosives still visiting our lines from enemy guns miles away. The day was comparatively quiet, the wounded were all evacuated and casualties during the day were few. I again slept with my friends the cockroaches and the mouse, and as my regiment had taken up another position, I changed my aid post on July 3rd, and although shrapnel and high explosives still visited us, we suffered very little during the day. During the night I slept on a heap of scrap iron, the best bed I could get, and although sharp points stuck into my bones and the artillery still continued, I slept four or five hours. It rained heavily on July 4th and the trenches were like little rivers, but we were relieved in the afternoon and we marched eight or nine miles to our billets and every man sank into a deep sleep after these four terrible days.

Student (writing home)—"How do you spell 'financially'?"

Other—"F-i-n-a-n-c-i-a-l-l-y, and there are two R's in 'embarrassed.'"—*Harper's Magazine*.

Hats

Hats

Hats

Hats

Hats

Hats

Hats

Nuff said
if it comes from

Greenfield's

"The Apparel Store for the Man of Good Taste."

On Olive Between 7th and 8th

An Authority on Russia

The University of Wisconsin for the first time in its history, has had the privilege of hearing a series of lectures on Russia by a Russian in the scholarly person of Dr. Nicholas M. Goldenweiser, delivered during the summer session just concluded. Dr. Goldenweiser's large subject, "A New Russia," was subdivided into the following topics, each of which headed a lecture so informative as to embody an independent whole: First, "What is Russia?" (as diagnosed by American and English specialists); second, "A Miniature History of a Great Country;" third, "Russia on a Paying Basis;" fourth, "National and International Politics" (the significance of the present internal strife in Russia as compared with the great French Revolution; fifth, "Distant Dreams" (the unknown side of Russian art: architecture, sculpture, painting, theater and drama); sixth, "Russian Ideals" (religious, social and moral teachings of the great Russian writers). The wide range which these topics cover and the treatment thereof, reveal a man whose broad knowledge, keen insight and deep sympathy with his people are subordinated to the aloof philosophic

attitude attained only by him who has imbibed the culture of the West in addition to that of the East. Dr. Goldenweiser is a prominent writer in Europe, a member of the bar of the Russian empire, a well-known scholar in economics and sociology and a connoisseur of art. The interest in things Russian at this time is very great, and organizations anxious to know about that land, its government and its people, could not better gratify their desire for such information than by securing Dr. Goldenweiser for a repetition of the course of lectures above referred to. His addresses are as excellent in form and decoration as in substance.

The Color of Life

"The Color of Life," by Emanuel Julius, will soon be ready for distribution. This book contains 50 sketches that go under the surface of things. The author says he wrote this book for the joy of writing.

A number of strike stories are given a place in this volume of short stories. "The Scab" should prove of special interest. The author of "The Color of Life" has rubbed against the world. He has lived in dozens of cities and worked

on numerous newspapers. He covered the police "run" in Milwaukee. He did reporting in Chicago. He edited a labor weekly in Los Angeles. He was on the staff of a Socialist newspaper in California. For many months he published his own magazine—*The Western Comrade*, and he made it pay its way, too. He was Sunday editor of the *New York Call* for more than a year. He has contributed for ten years to countless labor and radical papers. At present he is on the editorial staff of the *Appeal to Reason*, the largest Socialist paper in the world. He writes from the fullness of his experience, because he has something to say, not because he has something to sell.

A copy of "The Color of Life" may be had by sending 50 cents direct to Emanuel Julius, Box 125, Girard, Kansas.

♦♦♦

Summer Shows

"Under Cover," Roi Cooper Magrue's intense modern melodrama depicting the matching of a woman's wit against the crafty minds of secret service agents, will be offered at the Players Theater, Grand and Olive, for the week beginning Sunday matinee. The plot of the play hinges on the government's efforts to apprehend the smuggler of a \$200,000 necklace; the suspect is a member of a party returning from Europe and his host is a man of such powerful influence that the secret service men are loth to act until certain of his guilt; through intimidation they secure the assistance of a young society woman and involve her in difficulties with her sweetheart and her sister. An unexpected solution furnishes the climax of a series of surprising thrills. The Players company will put this on with the fine effect they have achieved in "Wildfire" and "Seven Keys to Baldpate."

♦

Next week, beginning Monday evening, the Park Opera Company will offer another Gustav Luder musical comedy, "The Burgomaster." The scene is laid in New Amsterdam (now New York) and the first act is on Broadway at the City Hall Park. A unique feature is that seven of the principals play double roles. There are many song hits, the most popular ones being "The Sou-brette," "The Tale of the Kangaroo," "The Hypnotist" and "The Liberty Girl."

♦

The vaudeville bill at the Columbia next week will be headed by a series of dances executed before an unusually picturesque scenic setting. Ivan Bankoff with Lola Girlie, and Madeliene Harrison in solo dances, will be assisted by eight beautiful coryphees. Harry Green and players appear in a novelty skit entitled, "The Cherry Tree," by Aaron Hoffman, based on the famous George Washington fable. Another pleasing sketch is "On Broadway," presented by George McKay and Oattie Ardine; Libonita is a rag-time xylophonist; the International Girl displays the national costumes worn by milady throughout the world, and the Orpheum Travel Weekly completes the bill.

♦

A fine vaudeville bill is promised at the Grand Opera House for the week

beginning Monday. The Metropolitan dancers, George and May LeFevre, with six beautiful girls, in a series of character dances, will be the headline feature. Parillo and Frabito, Italian street singers, will present an entertaining melange of music and singing and comedy dialogue; Ross brothers, champion midget boxers, will offer a three-round bout; then follow Dawne June, a swimming maid; Rice brothers, German comedians; Lulu Coates and her Crack-jacks in comedy singing and dancing; Scamp and Scamp, bar artists; Trans-fold sisters, musicians; Mabel Johnson, ventriloquist, and new animated and comedy pictures.

♦

Herbert Bashford's most ambitious play, "The Woman He Married," in which Virginia Harned starred, will be presented at the American Theater next week, with Marie Pettes in the stellar role. Miss Pettes has done excellent work in emotional parts, having played opposite Dustin Farnum in "The Virginian," Guy Bates Post in "The Heir to the Hoorah" and Walker Whiteside in "The Ragged Messenger." She also has to her credit a run at the Haymarket in London, under the patronage of Bernard Shaw. Other members of the cast are Walter Scott Weeks, John W. Lott, Marie Louise Benton, Emmett O'Reilly, Alf P. James and Kate Pryor. From all of which it will be seen that American patrons have an unusual treat in store for the coming week.

♦♦♦

Marts and Money

They did a large and lively business on the Wall Street Exchange. They had several million-share days, and established several new high price records. Transactions were obtrusively professional, and concentrated chiefly in industrial and mining certificates. Railroad stocks were badly neglected, though their values rallied a little further, in response to cautious buying for short account. The speculative folks felt much impressed with the unfavorable cast of the September report of the Department of Agriculture. This placed the total wheat production at 611,000,000 bushels, and the carry-over from the 1915-16 season at only 16,000,000. Last year's production was 1,012,000,000 bushels. The corn and oats estimates were likewise disappointing, though somewhat above the forecasts of leading private authorities. Of the former cereal the nation will produce 2,700,000,000 bushels, against 2,900,000,000 last year; of the latter, 1,230,000,000 bushels, against 1,350,000,000.

It was argued on the Stock Exchange and in brokerage circles that the materially reduced harvests should soon be disagreeably reflected in the monthly statements of the railroad companies, particularly in those of properties operating west of the Mississippi River and commonly known as "Granger Roads." With relation to this subject, it should be borne in mind that the importance of agricultural traffic has steadily fallen in the past sixteen years, as a result, largely, of rapid commercial and industrial advancement in all parts of the country. There is a likelihood, therefore, that the adverse effects of

the curtailed yields of the fields may be considerably less serious than Wall Street fellows are inclined to believe at present. The farming communities are prosperous, especially in the West. The Kansas authorities report an unprecedented number of automobiles in their principal districts, and predict an additional investment of about \$1,000,000 in the fleet vehicles in the next twelve months, the substantial loss in the State's corn output notwithstanding. Similar news comes from Nebraska and Iowa and Oklahoma. The purchasing power of the agricultural communities will not be distressingly decreased by the year's reduced results.

The market position of the representative railroad shares is not perilous. Their quotations are not inflated. They are approximately symbolic of true values. All of them are more or less under the maximum records of 1915. This, despite the remarkable growth in gross and net earnings and dividend surpluses in the past twelve months. Take the Norfolk & Western, for instance. For the year ended June 30, this company reports gross earnings of \$57,304,000. Compared with the 1914-15 returns, these figures disclose a gain of 33.31 per cent. The net earnings are put at \$23,054,000, denoting a gain of 73.66 per cent; the net results, at \$20,624,000, denoting a gain of 98.12 per cent. After increased payments on the common stock and enlarged appropriations for improvements, the credit balance carried forward amounts to \$16,990,752, or to \$2,606,618 more than for the previous fiscal year. Norfolk & Western common stock is quoted at 129¾, against 137½ on June 7 last. Should the former price be considered out of reason? Not to my thinking. The regular dividend rate being 7 per cent per annum, the net yield at 130 is 5.38 per cent. The company declared an extra dividend of 1 per cent some months ago, and is likely to do the same thing in 1917, if not before January 1. So we are justified in holding that the common stock should really be regarded as an 8 per cent investment. An 8 per cent stock, bought at 130, nets 6.15 per cent on the funds invested.

Reasoning of a favorable sort can fairly be applied also to Atchison common, Baltimore & Ohio common, New York Central, Pennsylvania, Southern Pacific, Union Pacific, Great Northern, Northern Pacific, and Louisville & Nashville. Judging by existing conditions and discernible prospects, there is no danger of cuts in the dividend rates of properties running in the Northwest and South, where grave damage has been wrought in the spring wheat and cotton fields, respectively. The fine financial results of the fiscal year, 1915-16, should enable the leading companies to continue paying dividends at existing rates throughout the present fiscal year. The market values of

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the stocks will be held down, of course, for some time to come, or until the investment and speculative circles have been made to understand that neither the agricultural disappointments, nor the eight-hour labor law can seriously injure the financial position of the properties.

I said in the MIRROR, not long ago, that in due time the "poor old Erie" will be known as the "rich new Erie." Well, that prediction of mine is fast coming true. In the twelve months ended June 30, the company earned \$72,936,000 in gross, and \$23,056,000 in net. Both these amounts mean new top records in the company's history. They indicate gains of \$12,105,000 and \$9,894,000, respectively, when contrasted with the 1914-15 records. Capable and progressive management and sound financial methods have brought about what the Stock Exchange people would have considered chimerical some years ago. The Erie was in mighty bad shape at one time—member? There was talk

of a receivership for a while, and the securities of the company depreciated severely. To-day, the first preferred stock is rated at 54, against 25, and the common stock at 38, against 12. The first-mentioned price suggests a resumption of dividend payments at an early date. Since the early part of 1915, the general lien of 4 per cent bonds have advanced from 65 to 74, in spite of persistent liquidation for foreign account.

The main unpropitious influence, as regards railroad securities, is the European selling. It prevents or stops efforts to raise their prices in substantial ways. Though this may seem highly vexatious to American owners, it must, ultimately, bring very gratifying results. The gradual diminution of holdings abroad means a gradual improvement in intrinsic values, especially so because the securities are taken over at what must be regarded as modest valuations. It is much to the interest of the permanent owner of Union Pacific common, for example, that British possessions be bought at prices varying from 135 to 141. Purchases at 160 or 170 would be to his disadvantage. Judging by latest reliable estimates, there is excellent reason for believing that the bulk of prominent American railroad stocks already has been repatriated. The foreign liquidation, it should be pointed out, began as far back as October, 1912, when the first Balkan war broke out so suddenly.

United States Steel common is now worth 104, a new top price. The opinion is held that the stock will be valued at 125 before November 1. The latest monthly statement of the corporation made a good impression. It revealed an increase of 66,700 tons in the total of unfilled orders as of August 31. The record stood at 9,680,000 tons on that date. Republic Iron & Steel common has risen from 55 to 61 3/4. This, too, signifies a new maximum. Last year's top notch was 57 1/4. Sanguine "bulls" predict 75. Since authoritative reports continue to lay stress upon the steel industry's prosperity and luminous future, the scramble to buy stocks of this character does not look at all astonishing. Careful investors should not participate therein, however. Ruling quotations appeal only to speculative minds. A *contretemps* of some kind or another would cause a precipitous "slump." *Caveat emptor.*

Finance in St. Louis.

On the local stock exchange business is of interesting proportions, especially in the industrial department, where Wagner Electric continues to be the chief attraction. In the past week, this stock advanced \$42. Additional enhancement is confidently looked for in brokerage circles, where the idea prevails that the company will declare a big cash or stock dividend at the end of the year. Estimates range from 50 to 100 per cent. The earnings being extraordinarily heavy, there can be no question as to the credibility of the intimations. The speculative demand for the certificates appears to grow keener as the quotation advances. That the upward movement is artfully helped along is perfectly evident.

The first preferred stock of the Independent Breweries Co. was in lively

demand, also, for a day or two, with numerous transactions at 25. In 1915, the low mark was 8 3/4. There were no transfers of the 6 per cent bonds. International Shoe common was bought at 98, the total of sales being fifty shares. The quotation for Ely-Walker D. G. common is firmly held at about 136, a creditable figure, considering that the dividend is 8 per cent per annum. Twenty shares were disposed of lately. Seven Laclede Gas preferred brought 100.25; \$2,000 of the 5 per cent bonds, 101.62 1/2; thirty Union Sand & Material, 76; and fifteen National Candy common, 9.

There was a fairly good demand for United Railways 4s at a slightly higher price. The aggregate of transfers comprised \$18,000. The common and preferred shares were ignored. Their quotations denote hardly any changes.

Bank certificates figured very little in the proceedings. Some Bank of Commerce was sold at 109.50. By and by, shares of this class should be considerably higher than they are at present. Quoted values are not unreasonably high, in view of dividend payments and prospects of better rates, in some cases, in the next twelve months.

Time money still is rated at 4 to 5 per cent in St. Louis, and the supplies of it are unusually abundant. Commercial paper is discounted at 3 3/4 to 4 1/2 per cent. Drafts on New York remain at a discount.

Latest Quotations.

	Bid.	Asked.
German-American Bank	207 1/2	110
Natl. Bank of Commerce	109 1/2	110
State National Bank	202	202
Chippewa Bank	250	250
Mercantile Trust	342	342
United Railways pfd.	16 1/2	18
do 4s	62 1/4	62 3/4
Union Depot 6s.	102	102 3/4
K. C. Home Tel. 5s.	92	92 1/4
do 5s (\$500)	92	92 1/2
Ely & Walker com.	140	140
International Shoe com.	97 3/4	98
do pfd.	109 1/2	110
Granite-Bimetallic	65	70
Independ. Brew. 1st pfd.	27	27 1/2
American Bakery 6s.	99 7/8	100
do 6s	64	64
National Candy com.	11 1/2	12
Chicago Ry. Equipment	98	100
Wagner Electric	320	325

Answers to Inquiries.

MERCHANT, Palmyra, Mo.—The 4 per cent general mortgage bonds of the Atchison Railroad Co. are a safe investment. Their present price of 92 1/2 represents a decline of about three points when compared with the top notch of last February. In buying, you will have to reckon with the probability of further depreciation, say to about 90.

INVESTOR, St. Louis.—United States Steel 5s are regarded as a first-class industrial investment, though they fluctuate quite sharply from time to time. Not long ago they were down to 99 7/8. The current price of 105 1/4 does not appear unreasonable in view of the enormous earnings of the corporation at the present time. Respecting the preferred stock, it may safely be assumed that the 7 per cent will be forthcoming for years to come. The ruling price of 118 does not indicate gross overvaluation. Even 120 would not be an extravagant figure.

S. H. M., Springfield, Ill.—Lehigh Valley, now quoted at 79, fluctuates extensively at frequent intervals. The price was down to 60 not long ago. Par value is \$50. The 10 per cent dividend cannot be thought absolutely secure, though it is being earned and has

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IMPORTANT!!

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You cannot vote at November Presidential Election unless you REGISTER during the four days beginning MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 19, 20, 21.

Even if you registered heretofore YOU MUST REGISTER AGAIN.

If you fail to REGISTER in the four days you cannot vote in November.

If in doubt as to place to register, call Election Commissioner's Office, Bell, Main 5580 (Station 56), Kinloch, Central 3840, or the Democratic State Committee, Bell, Olive 5310, Kinloch, Central 4391; or Republican State Committee, Olive 5617 or Olive 5618, Kinloch, Central 587 or Central 588, or the Building Trades Council, Bomont 368 or Central 586 and the exact place for you to register will be given.

CHAS. LAMMERT,

President, Building Trades Council.

BASEBALL

TODAY

Sportsman's Park

BROWNS vs. BOSTON

SEPTEMBER 15

BROWNS vs. NEW YORK

SEPTEMBER 16, 17, 18

GAME STARTS AT 3:30

Tickets on sale at Metropolitan Cigar Store and Grand Leader

been paid for some years, that is, since January 1, 1913. A few of the men connected with the Board of Directors are not entitled to the benevolent esteem of prudent investors. If you wish to buy, await a moderate decline.

DOUBTFUL, Fort Scott, Kan.—(1) Central Leather common pays 4 per cent, but the company could easily pay 5 per cent. The rising tendency in the stock's price reflects anticipation of a higher rate before long. The company's prosperity is the outcome, to a substantial degree, of the European war. For this reason the common stock cannot be considered a good investment. It's simply a speculation for the present. (2) American Smelting & Refining common, now selling at 104, may receive a 6 per cent dividend per annum at an early date. That much is suggested by the price mentioned. The stock is classed as a "semi-investment" proposition. You should not buy it at this time unless you are more interested in speculative profits than in a regular investment yield. Since January, 1915, the price has almost doubled.

F. L. B., Kansas City, Mo.—The stocks of insolvent railroad companies are highly speculative purchases, speaking generally. They should be bought solely by people who can afford to pay the assessments and to wait patiently for financial results. Parties who bought shares of this class in the great reorganization era of 1894-99 did well. They gathered large profits in less than five years. Atchison common, Northern Pacific common, Norfolk & Western common, and Union Pacific common are conspicuous instances in point. They were obtainable at less than \$10 before the payment of assessments. Union Pacific

sold at as low a price as 75 cents. Much depends upon the terms of reorganization, especially the cutting of fixed charges and the amounts of cash raised, or the means of raising them in the future. Close consideration must be given, also, to the probable course of finances and general railroad affairs and legislation. Holders of the stocks of the old Missouri Pacific, Rock Island and Frisco must pay the assessments, no matter when the purchases are or have been made. If you wish to invest in Missouri Pacific and Frisco properties, you should buy the new securities. Both stocks and bonds are quoted on the Stock Exchange "when issued." Receivers themselves cannot levy assessments. Assessments are fixed by reorganization terms, agreed upon by all parties in interest. Owners of stocks on which assessments are not paid lose their rights.

New Books Received

DANCES, DRILLS AND STORY PLAYS by Nina B. Lamkin. Chicago: T. S. Denison & Co.; 75c.

A very helpful book to all engaged in directing boys' and girls' work. Minute information is given very concisely. There are instructions for folk, flower and various other dances, rhythms and story plays, with full directions as to music and costumes.

THE LITTLE GOD by Katharine Howard. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.50.

A group of nature poems for children, designed for bedtime reading; they concern a little boy in his garden. Illustrated with marginal drawings by the author.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE THEATRE. Anonymous. Cincinnati: Stewart, Kidd & Co.; \$1.00.

Unadorned facts about the business side of the theatre by a prominent theatrical producer.

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